

Richard Miller

F A B L E S

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F O R

GROWN GENTLEMEN:

O R,

A Fable for every Day in the Week.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X I I.

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Fables
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F A B L E



L O N D O N

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F A B L E S
F O R
G R O W N G E N T L E M E N .

F A B L E I.

The R I V E R with a Petition.

A Ccording to the Romish creed,
I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,
The life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,
You would not chuse to undergo.
Jupiter's business day and night,
Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
And to write down as fast as he could write,
All the impertinence that men devise.
Besides men's fopperies and ravings,
The women had so great a share,
That their absurdities and cravings
Omnipotence alone could bear.

A 2

And

And furthermore, to trie his patience,
 He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses
 Of all his children and relations,
 And of his wife and his mis-tresses.

Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
 A river in great tribulation,
 To Jupiter presented a petition,
 With an expostulating exhortation;
 Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
 He has a right to think himself ill-us'd;
 A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
 Exactly like a double-barrell'd gun,
 Which if you fire with resolution,
 You have another chance when one is done,
 So far from killing two birds with one stone,
 An art that's very little known;
 All the petitioner desired to do,
 Was to kill one with two.

Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner
 For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,

Had

Had been appointed a commissioner
 Of the revenues of the Ocean,
 Which he collected with great pains,
 And sent in good and current cash,
 But for his trouble and clear gains,
 The Sea return'd adulterated trash :

Wherefore he pray'd,
 Exhorted and submitted,
 That all the sums the Ocean pay'd,
 Shall for the future be remitted,
 And issued fair,
 Without debasement or impair.
 Ungrateful Thames! the God reply'd,
 Without that mixture and alloy,
 Which the Sea pours into thee every tide,
 Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.
 Without his aid thou wouldst remain
 Like TIBER, or the poor pretending SEINE,
 Led through parterres or rolled down a cascade,
 Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.

'Tis

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
 'Tis thus the Union they abuse
 For binding their back-sides in chains,
 And shackling their feet in shoes :
 For giving them both food and fewel,
 And comfortable cloaths,
 Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel ;
 Instead of rags and heritable blows.
 Luxury every day grows stronger ;
 The Highland fair,
 Beholds her lover now no longer ;
 Trotting with his buttocks bare.
 Thus Doctor BROWN was taken with the spleen,
 And fancied we were all undone,
 Raving about a carpet and a screen,
 And out of temper with the sun :
 Because it is a crime,
 As he supposes,
 For men to run in winter time
 Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
 A want of taste and want of shame,
 To fancy universal affluence
 And luxury the same.

In spite of Doctor BROWN's discerning,
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.
 He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial and obstructed wealth,
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.

F A B L E II.

The PHENIX and her Lovers.

THAT every Female's a Coquette,
 I could as safely swear upon a book,
 As I cou'd safely bet,
 That ev'ry French-man is a cook.
 A Phenix, daughter of the Sun,
 Chaste as a Vestal, modest as a Nun,
 Added such merit to her birth,
 That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,
 No feather'd Coxcomb of the earth
 Ventur'd to declare his passion.
 They all agreed,
 No earthly bird was worthy of her love ;
 None but a bird of the celestial breed,
 An angel from above.
 The Phenix liv'd so long a maid ;
 'Till all her gaiety and bloom

Nature's

Began to fade;

And favour of the tomb.

She mop'd, grew splenetick, and tir'd

Of so much awe and so much state,

She long'd like other birds to be admir'd,

Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.

At last she issued out a proclamation

To summon the male birds of every nation;

Perhaps this summons and this longing,

Was a political machine,

Just like the lovers that came thronging,

Summon'd by our virgin Queen.

Now from all quarters,

The birds appear'd in their best cloaths;

Nobles in stars and garters,

Curled and embroider'd beaux.

Some stately, others light and gay,

One coo'd, another sung and flatter'd,

Some like the Magpie and the Jay

For ever chatter'd.

B

About

About the inner ring,
 Where all the Birds of figure press,
 A Bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,
 To shew his shape and his address,
 Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
 At which there rose a universal hoot.

The Phenix answer'd in the tone,
 And in the self-same manner languish'd,
 As Queen Elizabeth when she was shewn,
 A Taylor by her beauty vanquish'd;

Take courage man, says she,
 For if I needs must have a Taylor,

I promise without failure

To marry none but thee.

And as the Queen coquetted at an age

When other Queens are tame,

'Till she went off the stage;

The Phenix did the same.

She died a great coquette, and what is more,
 Rose from the grave a greater than before.

The

The Phenix and self-love are the same beast,

Within the human breast,

Which Poets feign the spicy East,

She builds her solitary nest;

From whence with every gale of wind,

The traveller may smell the mind.

Her Lovers are our passions; these she meets,

Either by appointment or by chance,

Which if she can't indulge, she treats

With smiles and complaisance.

And as the Phenix from her ashes rais'd,

Returns as blooming as a bride,

So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,

Self-love springs up again with double pride.

'Tis a determin'd case,

None but ourselves can occupy our place.

For this same reason, physical and clear,

Each individual of us all

Is that same Phenix, without any peer,

On this terrestrial ball.

A Lover is a mad-man and a miser,
Not one jot wiser.

Let any trie, except a Lover,
Or one devoted to his self,
Whether in all the world they can discover
Another Self.



FABLE

F A B L E III.

The DUCKLINGS and the Wife Birds.

A HEN one evening to enjoy the cool,
Was walking with a brood of Ducklings callow,
Just like a Mistress of a boarding-school,
With Misses green and yellow.

As she was tutoring and schooling;
This bird for loitering and that for fooling,
Behold a fish-pond so alluring,
That spite of her remonstrances and cackle,
They ventur'd their whole stock without ensuring,
Trusting to their oars and tackle.

The Hen kept scolding like a drab,
Cursing her rebellious race;
We are not thy children, cried a pert young Squab,
If we were Chickens, we shou'd have more grace;

On nature we depend,

Our course she steers,

Nature's

Nature's a safer guide, and better friend
 Than any Dotard's fears.

Close by the pond, an ancient tower
 Lifted it's venerable head,
 A college and sequester'd bower,
 Where Owls for ages had been bred;
 An old professor, a great clerk,
 Taught them their talents to display,
 To keep their eyes wide open in the dark,
 And shut them in the face of day.

To think abstractedly, to reason deep,
 And to declaim, 'till all the world's asleep.

These students from the tower saw our young folks,
 Our bold Adventurers under sail,
 They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
 And heard their nurse's fruitless wail.

Observe, says one more learned than the rest,

These birds by instinct know the season,

To sail, to eat, to go to rest,

Just as we know by argument and reason.

We

We know from reason and experience both,

We see it every hour ;

That Governors are loth

To part with power.

Yon Hen which you all hear,

In such a fright,

Undoubtedly affects that fear,

To keep her Pupils always in her sight.

From the same principle, for the same end,

Our Tutor keeps us all thus pen'd :

Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,

We are too weak, it is too soon,

Which I'll demonstrate to be a lye,

As clear as the sun at noon.

Feet, said the subtle Owl,

Are not the things

That constitute the essence of a fowl

So much as wings.

Whatever is essential to our make

We soonest learn, and seldomeft mistake.

Hence

Hence that pathetick prayer, that tender call,
 By which we get our wants dispatch'd,
 Is so essential above all,
 That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd.
 Nature, benevolent and wise,
 Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.
 By parity of reason meet,
 Our wings and pinions should be ready
 Long time before our heads and feet
 Are firm and steady.
 Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
 That as we walk, you must confess,
 With little giddiness and pain,
 If we attempt it, we must fly with less.
 This reasoning philosophic wight
 Convinc'd his brethren one and all:
 With one accord they took their flight,
 And fatal and untimely was their fall.
 None of them reason'd any more,
 The young logicians lay like wrecks,
 Drown'd

Drown'd in the pond or scatter'd on the shore,
With mangled limbs and broken necks.

Bred in a court or some gay city,
The Ducklings are those thoughtless spritely fools.

O Cambridge is it not a pity,
Strangers to thee and to thy schools !



F A B L E IV.

La Noblesse de France.

The Fighting COCK and the CRAVEN.

A Cock, an officer of foot,
 In France retir'd into a village,
 Where he did nought but crow and strut,
 And live by pillage.
 Whene'er he had a mind
 To take his pastime with the fair,
 He was not to one wife confin'd,
 Nor to a pair,
 But like a lord,
 Had half a dozen both at bed and board.
 He spied a barn-door fowl one day,
 Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,
 In amorous dalliance and play
 With a young pullet.

His

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,
 His size almost the size of geese,
 She'wd that he had been nurtur'd in the lap
 Of peace.

Bred for the bench and presidential chair,
 He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.
 The military cock took as much pleasure

As an unlucky page,
 To see the magistrate employ his leisure
 So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example!

Be virtuous and discreet!

To tread on modesty and trample

Chastity beneath his feet!

Fine times, says he, when judges run,
 Seducing maidens in the open sun!

This wanton fit,
 Comes of intemperance and over-eating.

Which as it soon will bring you to the spit,

Shall save your reverence from a beating.

To this reproof,
With a sly sneer the judge reply'd aloof:

'Tis true that I and all my brood,
When we have run the race assign'd,
Shall have the honour to become the food
And comfort of mankind.

An unexpected death
Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.
Good Colonel, you are mightily mistaken,
It is not owing to respect, in deed,
That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,
Roasted nor fricasséed.

But tho' your flesh be men's aversion,
Yet it contributes much to their diversion;

They give you barley, bread, and oats,
Because they take great pleasure and delight

To see you fight;
To see you cutting one another's throats.

If you escape and are not slain in war,
You are in a worse plight by far.

Amongst

Amongst the hogs,
 Wounded and lame you are on a dunghill cast,
 By wanton boys and puppy dogs,
 Worried or teaz'd to death at last.
 In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,
 A tax where you appeal and squabble;
 There the nobility go free and clear,
 Like the rascality and rabble.
 The same exemption pards and tygers own;
 And the base polecat caught in gins:
 Their flesh and bone we let alone,
 And ask them nothing but their skins.



FABLE

F A B L E V.

The D O G and the C A T.

INTEREST fascinates both age and youth,
And with a glance of her bewitching eye,
Can make a Minister speak truth,
Or make a mighty Monarch tell a lie.
She can set brothers by the ears,
And what you'll scarce believe perhaps,
Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,
And live together without pulling caps.
'Tis she gives every one her place,
Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,
Joining a scoundrel to his grace,
An atheist to a priest.
Interest well understood,
Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
That life is only good,
To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care.
Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
Each a famous politician,
Were meditating as they sat,
Plans and projects of ambition.

By the same fire were set to warm,
 Fragments of their master's dinner;
 Temptations to alarm,
 The frailty of a sinner.

Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
 And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws;
 And as two Plenipos,
 For fear of a surprise,

When both have something to propose,
 Examine one another's eyes,

Or like two Maids, tho' smit by different Swains,
 In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,
 Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,
 Studying each other's physiognomy.

Pompey endow'd with finer sense,
 Discover'd in a cast of Tabby's face,
 A symptom of concupiscence,
 Which made it a clear case.

When freight applying to the dawning passion,
 Pompey address'd her in this fashion;
 Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,
 Becoming faithful dogs, and pious cats,

Have guarded day and night this common-weal,
 From robbery and rats,
 All that we get for this, Heaven knows,
 Is a few bones and many blows.
 Let us no longer fawn and whine,
 Since we have talents and are able;
 Let us impose an equitable fine
 Upon our master's table,
 And to be brief,
 Let us each chuse a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef,
 Take you that turbot---you love fish.
 Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.
 Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
 To agree at last in every measure;
 One takes the management of the marine,
 The other of the nation's treasure.
 Thus L---g retir'd, thus even P---t
 His popularity resign'd,
 For a tid-bit,
 A Pit-tance suited to the patriot's mind.

F A B L E VI.

The SPIDER and the FLY.

WITH malice fell,
 A spider watch'd within his cell,
 Ready to fally,
 The unwary traveller to fouse,
 Like a Jew broker in the alley,
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-house,
 Like them he corresponded far and near,
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
 He manag'd his affairs and kept all clear,
 Without a partner or a clerk.
 A petit maître, an active bustling fly,
 Thinking to scamper unmolested,
 With airy equipage as he pass'd by,
 By cruel Cacus was arrested.
 Furnish'd with that undaunted sense,
 Which only courts and camps can teach,
 Having no weapon or defence,
 Except his instrument of speech,

D

The

The fly with flattering soporifick strains,
 Tried to benumb the spider's brains :
 Hearing such daily praise bestow'd,
 Upon your elegance in weaving,
 I came to visit your abode,
 Which is magnificent beyond believing.
 And now I am convinc'd, if you will drop
 The linen trade,
 And take to weaving velvets and brocade,
 The fallad-eaters soon must shut up shop,
 Change but your diet, and like their's, your taste
 Will grow refin'd, correct and chaste.
 As I have study'd every herb and leaf,
 That's either noxious or good to eat,
 Make me your caterer in chief,
 And pourveyor of all your meat.
 Send me this instant in a trice,
 I'll bring you something savoury and nice.
 Seeing the spider smile and grin,
 He found his plot would not succeed,
 It was too thin,

For

For one of that sagacious breed ;
 On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
 Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
 And come to the assistance of their cousin

With an enormous swarm.

The drones and I are no such strangers,
 We know, said Cacus, what we both can do,
 They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,
 For such a busy meddling fool as you ;
 But since you come to spoil our manufacture,

And poison honest traders,

I'll hang you like a malefactor,

To terrify invaders.

No sooner said than done,

He knock'd him down, and hung him in the sun.

The spider's a negociator,

And an ensnaring captious debater,

Obdurate, subtle and alert,

The fly a coxcomb and a prater,

Teazing and pert.

Tho' all such characters I hate,
 And from my soul despise,
 May we have many spiders in the state
 When we are plagu'd with French and Spanish flies.



FABLE

F A B L E VII.

The Wild DUCKS and the Water SPANIEL.

AFTER a tedious flight,
 Of many a stormy day and night;
 A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,
 Upon a lake were making merry;
 Like failors in a sea-port town
 Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.
 A swan too stately for sport;
 To shew herself was all her view,
 Had undertaken to escort
 The jovial crew.
 Swelling and bridling
 With all the airs of a fine dame at court;
 Turning about and sidling,
 Advancing and then stopping short.
 Displaying in her features
 Contempt and insolent dejection;

To

To signify that those strange creatures
Were forc'd upon her for protection.

I must confess, amongst mankind
I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd.

At Paris on the Seine,
I have seen a French marquee conduct a pair
Of German barons to the fair
Of Saint Germaine,

Strutting before them, tossing up his head,
Then looking back, and lowering his crest,
The barons were so awkward, so ill bred.

And so ill dress'd.

Have you not seen a new made peer
With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
Observing in his rear

A troop of country relations
Run up Saint James's-street, and at two leaps,
Take Arthur's steps?

Those steps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
From whence with one black ball you are hurl'd

Into

Into another world
 Amongst the damn'd Plebeian.
 Perhaps this grave and solemn swan
 Dislik'd the company of those wild ducks,
 Just as a prude, or a sober man
 Dislikes the company of bucks.
 For whilst they made more noise and riot
 Than twenty justices of peace,
 The swan was serious and quiet
 As captain Gander marching with his geese,
 Marching to the field,
 With gorget and a wooden shield.
 About the middle of the lake,
 Upon the banks a water-spaniel lay,
 Looking out for duck or drake
 Or any lawful prey ;
 And as the captain of a privateer
 Lies by,
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer
 'Till his expected prize begins to flie,

Cloſe

Close to the shore the spaniel let them fail,
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,
 Snorting and snoring;
 Pursuing them with all his force,
 Swearing and roaring,
 'Till he was hoarse;
 He turn'd and veer'd,
 Now made a stretch, and then a tack;
 Now snapp'd and now they disappear'd,
 And rose again a long way back.
 'Till the poor spiritless exhausted brute
 Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.
 And as the French to Toulon ran,
 And left the Spaniards in a scrape,
 The moment that the fray began,
 The swan made her escape.
 Quite out of reach,
 A roan duck upon the beach,
 Under a shed,
 Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,

Just

Just like Caligula under the bed,
Studying the cause of lightning and thunder.

As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,

He made them an oration ;

The roan duck being the recorder,
Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave your abandon'd lives,

Roving like pirates and Jews,

Come hither with your children and wives,

And settle peaceably in our mews.

We'll take you without any fuss,

Here we have neither law nor code,

You are only tied to copy us,

And go by custom and the mode,

You shall be fashionably dress'd,

Protected, treated, and caress'd,

A friseur with an instrument of steel,

Shall shape your wings and your toupee;

Make them fit perfectly genteel,

Easy and free.

E

As



As to the rest, you may gather from my looks
 Whether the air is good,
 And whether we have wholesome food,
 Or tolerable cooks.
 Peace, wretch, the chieftian of the ducks reply'd,
 Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,
 Freedom is as much our pride,
 As it is thine to be a slave.
 We neither injure nor provoke;
 We neither fear great nor small,
 Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,
 We are hated by them all.
 From pole to pole pursu'd,
 From pole to pole,
 Our enemies have every soul,
 Been baffled and subdu'd.
 Lords of three elements, we can maintain
 Our freedom and possessions,
 With the same ease that we disdain,
 Thy offers and insidious professions.

In

In our own virtue we confide,
On others how can we rely?
When fear or hope, envy or pride
May turn a friend into a false ally.

Those who depend on others ;
Whether on males or females they depend,
Will find the swan has many brothers,
And sisters without end.



The Advice of an Old SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,
 Frolicksome and full of play :
 Even in the height of all his mirth,
 Delicate, as well as gay :

With far more feeling for his friend,
 Than they could either taste or comprehend.---

Being thrown into the world betimes,
 Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,
 Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,
 As odious for malice and deceit,

Oft when he meant to have amus'd
 His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
 By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,
 And slighted even by the best.

Oft, when half-starv'd, he found a bone,
 Or something hid,
 Instead of eating it alone,
 As others did,

He

He ran to share his daily bread,
 Unfought ;
 With those that were much better fed
 Than taught,
 His daily bread they seiz'd :
 And drove him from their mess,
 More disappointed and displeas'd
 With their ingratitude than his distress.
 It is a maxim amongst dogs ;
 When they have the address and skill,
 To flip their collars and their clogs,
 And leave their friends that use them ill,
 To avoid anxiety and strife
 Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.
 A country dog, I think,
 Is exactly like a country squire,
 They both are only fit to sleep and stink
 By their own fire,
 And when awake are only good
 To yelp and hollow in a wood,
 Their

Their joys,
 And conversation are the same,
 'Tis all a clamour and a noise,
 And all the noise and clamour about game.
 Three words compose their whole vocabulary,
 A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting day,
 Whether they are serious or merry,
 'Tis all they have to say :
 In short they never are so entertaining,
 As when they're fast asleep or feigning.
 To quit such friends as these,
 One would not grieve,
 Tray parted from them with great ease,
 Without so much as taking leave,
 Consults his grandfire, by profession,
 A spaniel ;
 For judgment and discretion,
 A perfect Daniel.
 Benign and mild ;
 He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.
Grandson,

Grandson, said he, I do conceive
 If you had known the world, and how things go,
 But half as much as you believe ;
 Which is twice as much as I believe you know ;
 You would not have complain'd,
 That dogs behave to one another
 When they are unchain'd,
 Like every creature to his brother.
 Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
 If you lie open and unguarded,
 Is it not just,
 That vigilance should be rewarded ?
 'Twas neither nature's call ;
 Nor my instruction,
 To trust your friends at all ;
 Much less, to trust them to your own destruction :
 A painful and severe attention,
 Is but a necessary fence
 To every dog of sense,
 Against deceit and circumvention,

A task

A task from which you hop'd to be reliev'd
 By trusting to your friends :
 You are deceiv'd,
 Acting as much as they for your own ends,
 All the world knows,
 That friendship's a meer sound ;
 A sound that hardly can impose,
 Upon a puppet hound.
 Nature is not to blame,
 Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
 That foolish name ;
 By which so many fools are circumvented.
 Happiness you'll seldom find,
 Unless you learn,
 To have no weighty interest or concern,
 With those of your own kind.
 Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
 That they are neither worth your love nor hate.



THE END.